

Day's Reality To-Morrow's Romance

sassin mrany,

iel. rndike.

Island, rising on every side above the snowy marble sea wall that girt its

For in 1927, at the date of this story's opening, the wilderness of piers, waterside slums, and filthy thoroughtares that had fringed the island in earlier days had long since been removed to s district set apart for them along the shores of Gravesend Bay, leaving New York a city whose classic beauty smazed and delighted every foreigner who sailed up the villa-lined bay to the metropolis. "The land of the free!" repeated

Feridah. "And to think that less than one month ago I was in Macedonia where every Armenian lives on sufferance victim to the newest cruel whim of our Turkish masters. Now, here"---Her companion, a tall, curly haired youth of perhaps twenty-five, had listened with scant enthusiasm to the girl's raptures. He had a haggard, furtive look that had no seeming place In so young and so prosperous a man

"No!" he muttered. "There are no Turkish bands here to sweep down on the town and burn, murder and pillage. But there are worse menaces than brigands who attack in broad daylight." The girl looked at him anxiously,

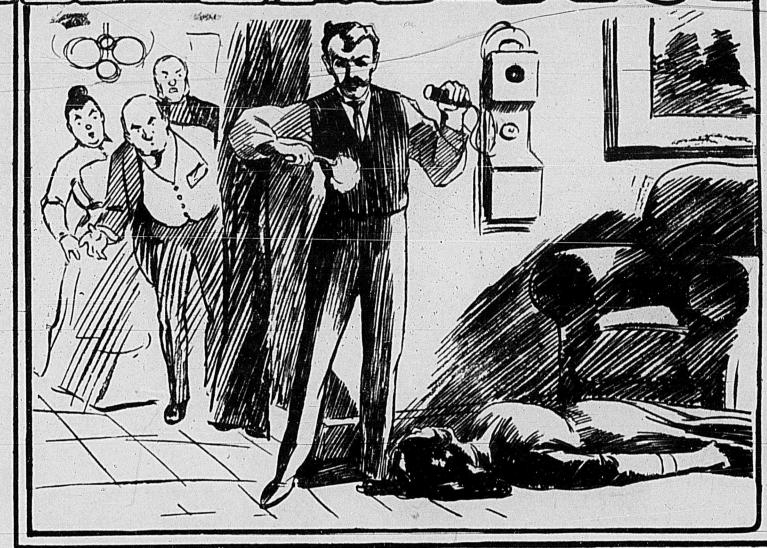
He interrupted Feridah's rhapsody,

"I don't understand you, Petros," she said; "I thought you would be so glad to see me. When you left home five years ago to enter your uncle's New York counting house you said you would know no happy moment till you were rich enough to send for me to come here and be your wife. Now that your uncle has died and you are his heir and I am here. I should think"-

"Yes," broke in Petros. "My uncle is indeed dead! And how did he die?" "Of apoplexy, so the papers said." "of apoplexy administered by the Company!"

"It is our modern New York equiva- out of the hansom, thrust a paper into scanning, with glazed eyes, a note in free."

derstand soon enough. I'--He was handing Feridah into his car-O THIS is the land of the cut short by the passing of a swift beside Feridah on the broad seat. The Feridah Bedrosian, slender, to the young man as to force him to vehicle whirled out of West street, up alert, gloriously beautiful in shrink back against the wheels of his Chambers, toward Broadway, her own swarthy, Levantine own vehicle to escape collision. In-



"The Company is Very Merciful," He Said.

stinctively he raised one hand to guard dah, noting her sweetheart's terror. fiances's look of utten bewilderment, "telegram for you, sir." his face. As he did so, an arm fiashed But Petros made no reply. He was "and you called this the land of the With shaking hands Pe lent for Turks in Armenia. You'll un- his hand and was gone before he could his hand. realize what had happened.

Dazed, dumb with horror, Petros electric hansom, which whizzed so close coachman touched his horses, and the

of your esteemed uncle's death. We also note with sorrow the fact that he omitted to send us the negotiable drafts for \$150,000 which we requested three days before his unfortunate demise. His cousin, Thomous Kalpian, if we recollect aright, died in similar fashion two years ago, immediately after neglecting to make similar contribution to our patriotic fund. "Do you care to make good the

is allowed you.

"The Assas: n Company (Ltd.)

about to be married to Miss Feridah Bedroslan. For her sake, we you may waste no time in sending

This letter shows how much the envelope and read: freedom we have. The Assassin Com She glanced familiarly over his shoul- pany holds every wealthy New Yorker

selves the Hunchakists, and levied blackmail on rich Armenians. If a man refused to pay, he died, and by a terrible 'time stamp' system every other intended victim was notified of the murder and of what was to be his own fate. The police were powerless to cope with the situation. "This incompetence made the Hun-

chakists bolder. Year by year they grew more powerful, until now, Twentieth Century New York is as much under their awful sway as was olden Venice under that of the mediateval assassims should. No recipient of such a letter as this, nowadays, dare expose the assassims, for worse than death would be his portion. And now they threaten YOU—not ME—unless it handed in a card. Miss Catherwood's door and handed in a card. Miss Catherwood's worth was there for a purpose, and had high in the sir, and started in handed in a card. Miss Catherwood worth was there for a purpose, and had high in the sir, and started in the control of the control o Venice under that of the mediaeval assassin bands. No recipient of such

WHILE

YOU

WAIT.

10 \$

With shaking hands Petros tore open "Petros Alena, Fugitive, White Star Line Pier: Is death at sea

Easier Than Death on Land? Quaking, bent over like an old man, Petros caught her in his arms pressed her slender, girlish form conwith the terrified Feridah drove homeward. There, placing the girl in care of his aunt, who kept house for him, kisses. Then, putting her from him and sown chest.

office. Bitting down at his deak he veloped, directed and mailed it. Then he called in his manager, an

"I am insolvent," he said in dull despair. "I have just paid out almost every dollar I have in the world. Close down the works and let the creditors fight it out among them."

The manager took the news with no expression of surprise. He was no more amazed than would be the peathouse inmate who hears that another small-pox patient has died.

"My sympathy is all with you, str." said he. "You are wise, Poverty is better than death. Have you read that Helronymus Axtlon, of Axtlon & Co., was found strangled this morning? It was only last week he told me that should he ever receive a summons he should refuse to pay, because he was confident the police and laws of the United States would amply protect him.

A clerk entered, bearing a note, "Left by hand, sir, ten minutes ago," said he. "I didn't know you were here to-day."

though, he recognized the peculiar, delicate stationery of the Assassins' Company, Ltd. He had paid his ransom and had no more to dread. Truly, as the manager had said, poverty was better than death. Petros had never so fully realized it before. Then he right he drew from his coat a revolver

"We regret extremely that your rebellious wonduct in seeking to escape your obligations forces us to add \$50,000 to your bill. Kindly save Miss Bedroslan annoyance by remitting before 3 1. M. to-day."

home. For five hours he had been grief, Petros picked up the receiver. rushing from friend to friend seeking A monotonous, colorless voice at the to raise money. But as was already other end spoke as though from a bankrupt, and as no man knew how phonograph: soon he himself would be called upon "The Company learns you for every dollar he could raise, the quest had been fruitless.

already gone. But she was at the door \$50,000." to greet him, and in her face shone a world of love and welcome that transfigured it. "Come and see my wedding dress!"

Yes'erday's Romance To-Day's Reality

with infinite gentleness he whispered "I love you, Feridah, heart's darling!" He laid his left hand tenderly across the girl's lovely eyes. Then, with his and shot her dead

"I loved her," he said briefly, as his aunt and the servants ran in, drawn by the report 'and it was the only. way to save her. I'-

There was a whirr at the telephone It was 4 o'clock when Petros reached bell. Involuntarily, in the spathy of his

are bankrupt and will therefore He half expected to find Feridah give you a year to raise the

The receiver fell from the man's

huddled knot of scared servants at the

## the Girl Wins. A Dinner Engagement. By Carrie Claxton.

d cooked meals for the Waltons was from Jack and he apologized for ames Walton married had gone his rudeness. "I would not break the wedding of a friend. Permisengagement." he wrote, "but it is to

well out of the house before develop something that will entirely

s. left alone, set about her tasks happy heart, imagining already little kitchen where she should tress. Martha had left a couple to be baked and she had set the oven. But when it came to the potatoes she found that the the potatoes she found that the the potatoes she found that the came the evidence of her plunder was a she had to allow the mean that the was a she had to allow the mean that the was a she was a s

the potatoes she that to slip had run out and she had to slip things and run down to the waiting in a trim gown. things and run down to the waiting in a trim gown.

On the way back Grace MaitHe came in with glowing face. "Tm
sorry to miss the splendid dinner," he
in to see the new hat that Grace cried as he took her hand. "I know

eived for Christmas.

I've missed a treat, but if you'll repeat the invitation I'll come again. I'm not

dismay she drew them from Mr. Lane wanted to see me about." n and set about making new "And you're going to stay here?" she
There was plenty of mince mest
house and soon two new ples
"Just that," he confirmed. "That was

black and smoking, and with going away after all. That was what

ady for baking. The roast was worth even losing the best dinner that

in too, and she set about get-a cook ever prepared. I think you might at least let me see what I

pot when another of the girls "You don't deserve it," she declared, in for a chat. She had her "Please," he pleaded. "Even when

was consumed in fixing up the look over the fence." <
ust as Madge settled herself! Madge's eyes began to flow. "There

se an odor filled the room and wasn't any dinner," she confessed.

had bolled off the potatoes, and I had such a horrid time. The ed the photography and after lies were soggy and the meat wouldn't ad been scraped new potatoes cook and—oh Jack—I'm an utter failure

with her and insisted upon tak- Adam and Eve were chased out e in her floury apron. A lot Garden of Eden they were allowed to

vas consumed in fixing up the look over the fence."

vegetables ready. might at totatoes were bouncing around missed."

change my plans. I will be over as

oame for Mrs. Walton. Change my plans. I will left alone, set about her tasks soon as I can get away."

was taken ill and Madge was Already Jack was ten minutes fate, and was talking and I'm just dying to take was taken ill and Macge was left to her own resources for once she breathed a fervent prayer you out to a restaurant and celebrate uch small k lowledge as a course that he would be very late, as she in proper style. Will you come?" sing school had endowed her.

In the hope that it might dry up the You didn't even laugh and I'm hungry h. Jack Hanley was going West crust. The roast was hopelessly un- and tired and cross and a dinner at n. Jack Hanley was going west derdone, and Jack liked his meat rare, Hylands"—
ber his last dinner in town. and perhaps, after all, it might pass. "Do you think we could make it a

se-she blushed as she even She had forgotten to close the oven double event?" he pleaded. "My salary of the possibility of a propos- door while she made the fresh pies and | will be raised for the new week and she hungered for the question the oven was hopelessly cold. the hungered for the question fould set her heart at rest. Nor he the first woman who had to reach a man's heart through mach.

It seemed as though the course it seemed as though the course is love—and the dhiner—was not is love—and the distribution is love—and the love of the love of despair of depths of depths of depths of despair she had been raised to the plunase of her lips was form the children is sending the course of the lips was form the children is sending the course of her lips was form the children is sending the course of her lips was form the children is sending the course of her lips was form the children is sending the course of her lips was form the children is sending the course of her lips was form the children is sending the course of her lips w we can set up our own home, where

veiding of a friend. Permisted weeks ago and take dinner with Mr. Lane and may Hot Weather Horseplay.

RE WALTON was to have The hoodoo pursued her, and with "I'm glad of it," he said, promptly, helped with the dinner, but ears strained for the sound of the though his eyes twinkled. "You see I at the last moment her sister door bell she tried to hurry the dinner. was too excited to eat white Mr. Lane

der and read the following grotesquely by the throat. As far back as 1907 riage as he spoke. His words were reeled into his carriage and sank down businessilke and commonplace epistle; they began operations, calling them-"Petros Alena, Esq.: "Dear Sir :- We learn with regret

combined indebtedness of the two? If so the sum, with compound interest, is just \$271,462:50. A check for

that sum, payable to bearer, and mailed direct to our Association, will absolve you from further present liability. The usual three days' grace "Respectfully;

Formerly the Hunchakist Society of N. Y.)

HEY! HURRY UP WITH MY HAT! I'VE COT AN ENGACEMENT!

The Tissue-Paper Man. The Man Wins.

By William H. Osborne.



looking and yelling at was a young man attired in a full-dress suit. Ho Solution of the was bowing, with conventional stiffness, right and left. And he was none other than Mr. Anthony Wadsworth.
"Torf, Tony, Tony, Tony," yelled the crowd. The chairman stepped for a follows: Let us call one of ward. "Mr. Tony Wadsworth," he ex- the ten-gallon cans A and the other B, claimed, by way of introduction, and and proceed as follows to show how pandemonium broke loose. Mr. An- the milkman supplied his two sustame-

page or two.

"Ain't he corkin'," said the loquacious individual near Miss Catherwood, and he always comes here in a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he corkin', and he is a swallow-tall suit he knows what's what, he is a swallow-tall suit he swallow-tall su

does."

Wadsworth nodded, and the crowd became instantly silent.

"I didn't intend to be here to-night." he explained. He hesitated. "The fast is," he went on, "I had an engagement with my girl, and she turned me down. I didn't have any other place to go and Loame here."

This, in black and white, amounts to nothing. But it was the way that Wadsworth said it that took. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd. "Imagine leaves to go and solved his perplexing problems.

"Milkman's Puzzle."

thony Wadsworth stepped forward a ers with two quarts each:

Pour five-quart pail into four-quare

Pour five-quart pail into four-quart

# of the Regiment Woos Her Hero Wild Bacchante Dance ughter True flags By Ouida. The state of the stat

WHY NOT

THIS FOR

THE LADY

HORSE ?

TILL CET AN AWFUL

BEFORE I GET

TAYLOR -

THAT HAT BACK!

TAN ON ME